

ROUNDS OF THE BIG BATTLE

JOHNSON ALWAYS MASTER IN SCIENTIFIC FIGHTING.

Jeffries Scores First Blood, but the Negro soon closes his Left Eye and cuts his Nose and Mouth. Hammerman Gradually Beaten Down and Out.

At 10:30 p.m. The story of Johnson's fight, given by rounds, is as follows:

FIRST ROUND.

When the gong rang the men came forward. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration.

SECOND ROUND.

As they came up from their chairs Johnson, as serious as a preacher, assumed the old crouch. He struck his left leg with a stiff corner, keeping his right foot steady. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration.

THIRD ROUND.

Action prevailed on both sides. The first round from the rival seconds was a warning to take plenty of time. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration.

FOURTH ROUND.

As they came to the center Jeff Johnson stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration.

FIFTH ROUND.

Johnson stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration.

brushed aside the blow and clinched. Johnson broke out of it with alacrity, and Johnson rapped a hard left straight into the ribs under the lung. It was a corking punch, but Jeffries merely grunted. They then got into a clinch and with a hand free Johnson landed two right uppercuts. One of these blows grazed the white man's chin and split his lips for a supply of gore. Johnson began to hustle then, and let go a savage left hook to the jaw which brought the blood in, and another stream from Jeff's mouth, and the crowd roared. Jeffries clinched as the negro redoubled his efforts, and at close quarters Jim hooked Johnson on the neck with a powerful left. Both swung left, and Jeffries with the more powerful punches compelled the black man to break ground. Jeffries evidently wanted to bring the fight to an issue then and there, for he which made a dangerous left to the mouth. They clinched and after breaking out of it they walked around looking for danger at each other until time was up. The round was productive of nothing decisive, although the seconds were busy catching up the bruises as soon as the men took their chairs. The crowd was very orderly, though worked up to a high pitch of excitement.

SIXTH ROUND.

Jeffries and the crowd were visibly surprised when Johnson opened with three rapid fire left handers in the first round. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration.

SEVENTH ROUND.

Jeffries' right eye was partly closed as he trotted out of his corner. The injured eye seemed to bother him. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration.

EIGHTH ROUND.

Under instructions to force the fight with all the strength at his command, Johnson stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration.

NINTH ROUND.

Still urged by his seconds to make a rushing fight of it, Jeffries came lumbering to the scratch swinging powerful blows that fell upon the negro's head. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration.

with left, but apparently was puzzled because his blows did not bring a state of grogginess. When the bell sounded they were still sparring. Jeffries being unable to reach the shifty negro with any kind of a blow, Johnson had this round on points and Jeffries as he reached his seconds said something that indicated a feeling of discouragement.

TENTH ROUND.

Jeffries did not rush this time. Instead he came up slowly and sparred for an opening. Johnson became careless for a moment and Jeff rapped him in the ribs with a left. Johnson stepped out of the ropes and fought with great skill. Then catching Jeffries unawares he planted a right hook on the jaw, whereupon both men laughed good naturedly. The negro slipped a left over to Jeff's ear and received a hard cross counter on the mouth that drew more blood. In more clinches came a series of half hearted punches. Johnson finally stood away and at long range planted two swift lefts on Jim's nose until they clinched. While locked in this manner Johnson landed a blow on Jeff's shoulder and winked at the spectators. The round ended in a clinch with Jeffries trying in vain to shove Johnson around the neck.

ELEVENTH ROUND.

Jeffries, bent upon forcing the fight, loomed up with a heavy left which Johnson blocked. Jeffries forced the fight and getting the negro on the ropes he drew a stiff right to the neck. Johnson retaliating with a couple of left jabs on the jaw. In a fierce mixup Johnson hooked a right to the neck and put a straight left on the chin. Johnson was all action, stepping in and out with a swiftness and sureness that made Jeffries nervous. Johnson blocked the boiler-maker's blows with wonderful skill and ripped right and left uppercuts to the face and jaw. Jeffries was hit hard and again he was blocked the terrific attack. Slowly but surely the negro seemed to be pounding him into submission with both hands, and when Jeffries slipped a left to the crowd became wild with excitement. Again and again Johnson covered Jeffries's face with slashing blows until Jeffries hugged him in a clinch to avoid further punishment. Jeffries was bleeding profusely and seemed to be partially blinded by his own gore. Johnson put it all over him, receiving practically no return. Now and then Jeffries swung a desperate haymaker, but it went wide of the mark. Johnson's punches of the round actually drove Jeffries to a corner, where he hammered him incessantly until the bell came to the rescue of the white man.

TWELFTH ROUND.

Jeff's face was covered with bruises and he was still bleeding from the nose and mouth as he walked away from his corner. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration.

THIRTEENTH ROUND.

Corbett and Berger were in a fever as they begged Jeffries to go in and slug his man to the floor. As he walked blindly into the ring Johnson stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration.

FOURTEENTH ROUND.

Stimulants were administered to Jeffries and he came up with renewed strength. Johnson stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration.

FIFTEENTH ROUND.

They rushed straight into a clinch. Johnson wriggled out of it and hooked a left at Jeff's head. Johnson stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration. Johnson, who was the favorite, stepped forward, sizing each of his opponents slowly, sizing each of them for fully ten seconds. They looked at him with a mixture of respect and admiration.

The Wall Street "Evening Sun."

The Wall Street edition of THE EVENING SUN contains all the financial news and the stock and bond quotations to the close of the market. The closing quotations, including the "red and asked" prices, with additional news matter, are contained in the night edition of THE EVENING SUN.

GREAT CAREER OF JEFFRIES

WONDERFUL PHYSIQUE DEVELOPED IN EARLY YOUTH.

Hollerman, Fighting Eighteen Years. Beat Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Jackson, Sharkey, Rubin and Others—First Encounter With Hank Griffin, a Negro.

James J. Jeffries was born in Carroll, Ohio, on April 15, 1875, and is now in his thirty-sixth year. He is a full blooded American. His father's ancestors were born in England, while his mother's antecedents were Holland Dutch. Naturally gifted with great strength and vitality, Jeffries when his parents had settled near Los Angeles, engaged in the occupation of boiler-maker. Outdoor ranch work, however, developed a wonderful physique. Prior to becoming an ironworker, Jeffries attended a business college and got a good education. He weighed 200 pounds when he was 17 years old and did not know his own strength.

Jeffries began his fighting career by accident. He was 18 years old when Billy Gallagher, a welterweight who was in the big fellow's employ, induced him to try his skill. One night in a Los Angeles saloon, Hank Griffin, a colored heavy-weight, threw a halfhearted gold piece on the bar and said he could whip any man in town. Gallagher, who was present at the time, hunted up Jeffries and the latter came back with him post haste, tearing off his coat and sporting for a scrap then and there. But Griffin explained that he did not care to battle under rough and tumble rules, but wanted a good contest in a regulation ring with a competent referee. That suited Jeffries down to the ground, and a match was quickly arranged. The men met the next night in a local hall.

Bets were made on the result of the encounter, and Jeffries, who had never worn the gloves before, was a punching bag for several rounds. In fact, he took a terrific lashing. Heavy wallops on the jaw and in the stomach did not make him waver, however, and Griffin soon began to tire from his own efforts. Jeffries suddenly assumed his famous crouch by instinct, as it were. He used his right hand as a guard and waded in with the left. Jeffries then found and Griffin, who was on the right. Ducking under the boiler-maker's drive the left squarely into the pit of the negro's stomach and knocked him out cold in the middle of the fourteenth round.

That was Jeffries' first ring victory, and Gallagher urged him to become a professional pugilist. But Jim's father, a clergyman, opposed the plan and it was not until three years had elapsed that the big fellow engaged in another fight. Dan Brady, a brother of Jim Corbett, who was then in San Francisco just then and he took Jeff along with him to act as his second. The fight was a draw and when Gallagher got his end of the purse he ran away and left Jeffries without a dollar. So it was up to Jeffries to fight for a living and he got a match with Dan Long. He was a big, awkward, slow moving fellow then, but he could hit like a blacksmith and Long was slowed away in two rounds, and Jeff was doing the trick.

This success made a name for Jeffries on the coast and he was matched with Van Buskirk, former amateur heavyweight champion of California, who had won several battles with good professionals, but before the fight took place Jeffries was stricken with pneumonia and had to go to the mountains to recuperate. When Jeffries came back to the ring, Harry Corbett, a brother of Jim Corbett, who was matched to fight Bob Fitzsimmons at Carson City for the championship of the world.

Jeffries was introduced to Jim Corbett's trainer, Billy Delaney, who promptly engaged the boiler-maker as a sparring partner for the pompadour pugilist. Jeffries went to Carson City at once and proved an able assistant. He was so big and powerful that he had often been said that Corbett, asked him to let up in their trial bouts. When Fitzsimmons put an end to Corbett's career, Jeffries took hold of Jeffries, whose journey to the top of the heap then began.

Delaney selected Van Buskirk as Jeff's first opponent and the former amateur champion had no chance at all, for Jeff knocked him out in two rounds. Jeff's next fight was with a fellow named Slaughter, who was a rough and ready slugger who tore into Jeff like a wildcat. Jeff fished him several times, but Slaughter kept on boring in until Jeffries knocked him head over heels in the seventh round. In the ninth Jeffries landed a left which broke Slaughter's jaw and he was out for good. Jeff then put another quick left hook to the jaw he put the Chicago man to sleep.

After this affair Jeffries fought twenty round battles with Gus Rubin, the Akron Giant, and Joe Chynski, each in a draw. Rubin was knocked down twice, but the referee saved him from defeat because of his superior work. In the Chynski fight Jeffries landed a heavy right in the mouth that drove several teeth into his upper lip.

Jeffries then stopped Joe Goddard, the Barren Champion, in four rounds. After that he took on old Peter Jackson, the Australian negro, who was an easy mark and lasted three rounds. He also put the kibosh on Mexican Pete Everett in three rounds, after which he tackled Tom Sharkey, who proved to be his sturdiest antagonist. They came together at Mechanics Pavilion and went twenty rounds to a draw. Delaney now decided to bring Jeffries East and he made arrangements for the boiler-maker to meet Bob Armstrong and Steve O'Donnell at the

The Weather.

July 5. The pressure increased yesterday over the lake region, New England and the middle Atlantic States, causing cooler weather in those districts, with brisk northwest to northerly winds. The pressure was low in the West, where it was becoming warmer.

Generally fair weather prevailed except for scattered showers in the Southern States and the Northwest and a few places in the lake region. There were no remarkable changes in any section. In this city the day was fair, slightly cooler, with brisk northwest to west average humidity, 46 percent; barometer, corrected to sea level, at 8 A. M., 29.70; 3 P. M., 29.75.

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of New York
Broadway and Sixty-first St.

Lenox A. C. of this city in ten round bouts

At the same time this was denied by him. When Jeffries arrived here he weighed 245 pounds, "a human mountain," the fight fans called him. Delaney said he was a coming champion and wanted to fight Fitzsimmons, then the titleholder, but when Jeffries failed to stop Armstrong, a second later, in ten rounds and refused to go on with O'Donnell, Delaney said he had injured his thumb and was generally ridiculed and went back to California. A year later Jeffries returned to New York and fought with a Bracy and still trained by Delaney. After some bickering articles were signed by Jeff and Fitzsimmons to fight twenty-five rounds at Coney Island, the Cornishman to receive fifty percent of the receipts win or lose.

Bracy engaged Tommy Ryan of Syracuse to referee the fight. The referee of ring science and they went down to Atlantic City, N. J., to prepare for the mill. Ryan did not box with Jeffries. He was a referee and referee Ryan did not box, sitting the big fellow's face to ribs. He said it making him look like a novice; Jeffries was patient under fire and did not waver. The fight was a close one with a terrific left on the chin the latter said.

"Jim, you'll do. That's the way I want to see Fitzsimmons go!" Jeffries a week before the fight was asked by THE SUN man to get on the scales. He wore a light sleeveless jersey, trousers and rubber-soled slippers when he mounted the weighing machine and tipped the beam at exactly 208 pounds. He said he weighed 204 stripped, and he did not much heavier when he entered the ring with Fitzsimmons, who scaled at about 190. Fitzsimmons regarded the big fellow as a joke.

The suggestion of the "order the fall" said the Cornishman an hour before the time for the battle to begin. When the gong called for action Fitzsimmons rushed, swinging his great right arm for Jeff's head. Jeff dodged and slipped off some fight in the second round with a straight left on the mouth that knocked him flat.

Fitzsimmons was dazed when he got up, but Jeffries did not try to finish him then because Delaney told him to take his time. In the ninth round, just before the bell rang, Fitzsimmons hit Jeffries on the chin with a tremendous left hand swing. Jeffries said it was the hardest blow he had ever received. It made him rock like a young tree in a gale and, for a moment, he could do nothing. The fight was over just then and Big Jim sat down.

Jeffries was as strong as ever when he came up for the tenth round, while Fitzsimmons was rapidly losing weight. Jeffries knocked the Cornishman down before the bell rang again, but he did not hurry matters because of Delaney's warning. He was a coming champion and wanted to fight Fitzsimmons, then the titleholder, but when Jeffries failed to stop Armstrong, a second later, in ten rounds and refused to go on with O'Donnell, Delaney said he had injured his thumb and was generally ridiculed and went back to California. A year later Jeffries returned to New York and fought with a Bracy and still trained by Delaney. After some bickering articles were signed by Jeff and Fitzsimmons to fight twenty-five rounds at Coney Island, the Cornishman to receive fifty percent of the receipts win or lose.

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July is the renewal period

for "rusty, dusty" wardrobes.

After the Fourth there is generally "a call for help" from that tired and worn Suit you bought at the season's beginning.

If you realize the need for freshening up, you should also consider the difference between selecting from run-down stocks, odds and ends and left-overs or from complete assortments such as ours.

Behind us is an all-the-year creative organization of our own. No sooner are lots depleted than replenishment comes from our workrooms—fresh, bright, new suits, many of them in models designed since the season was well under way.

Two-garment Suits for Men. \$6.50 to \$35.00
Three-garment Suits for Men. \$15.00 to \$45.00

Saks & Company

Broadway at 34th Street.

Men's Low Shoes in smartest styles—tan and black—some sizes missing. Formerly \$4.75

\$6 and \$7.

STORE CLOSING AT 6—SATURDAYS AT NOON.

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AMERICAN PROPERTY RUINED.

Details of the Bombardment of Prinzau.

Culpeper-Zelaya's Offer to Estrada.

NEW ORLEANS, July 4.—The steamer Dictator, which arrived here to-day from Bluefields, brought a number of Americans. Among them were Gen. Christian Sands, a lad of 22, from Seattle, Wash., now a General in the Nicaraguan revolutionary army and the hero of the battle of Prinzau. He was in command in that town with an army of seven men when it was recaptured by the Madriz forces. He was taken prisoner and released by Madriz on the promise that he would not return to Nicaragua until the present war is over.

Another passenger is A. A. Irish, an American mining expert, returning home because the mining business is dead in consequence of the revolution. He was in Port of Spain when the town was captured by the Madriz fleet, a bombardment which he declares was inexorable, as there were only seven Estrada soldiers in the town. In spite of this fact the San Jacinto opened fire on the town without giving the people notice or time to leave. The principal victims were the American business houses there, among them the New Orleans and Central American Trading Company, the Perfumery Company and Silverstein, Xelling & Co.

When a shell set fire to the latter's warehouse and Irish and others attempted to extinguish it the Madriz soldiers fired on them. Much damage was done by the bombardment, and complaints have been filed by the injured houses with the State Department.

In the attack on Port Lagosa, which was recaptured by Estrada's Gen. Luis Cudily, formerly one of Estrada's Generals, was taken prisoner. It was he, it is alleged, who paid for the betrayal of Estrada's aid he received \$10,000 in cash and the position of Collector of Customs for Madriz at Port Lagosa, a very profitable office. There was a strong demand on Estrada that he should hand over the steamer left Bluefields. Estrada had resisted the popular demand for his death.

It is understood that an agent coming all the way from ex-President Zelaya in Brussels has reached Bluefields and has offered to sell the armed steamer Venus to Estrada for \$50,000. The promise is that he will not interfere with any of Zelaya's claims. The offer has been refused.

One of Camping Party Drawn M.

NEWPORT, I. I., July 4.—Andrew M. Snow, 18 years old, whose home was in Elmhurst, Queens borough, was drowned this afternoon at Eaton's Neck. He was one of a party of twenty-seven boys from St. George's Episcopal Church of Flushing, Queens, who came out to Eaton's Neck on Saturday to camp there for two weeks. He was employed by the American Surety Company in its Manhattan office.

Man Walked Off With Joseph McCarree.

Just as His Mother Had Done.

Joseph McCarree, a salesman of 100 Southern Boulevard, the Bronx, told the police of the Tremont avenue station yesterday that his five-year-old son Joseph had disappeared at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. He said that he feared the child had been stolen.

Lillian Henry, 9 years old, of 1181 Jennings street, took the McCarree boy out for a walk. According to her story, when she got to Jennings street and Southern Boulevard a man of light complexion, wearing a straw hat and a dark suit, came up to Joseph and said, "Hello." Then he took the child by the hand and disappeared in the direction of Hoe avenue.

McCarree searched the neighborhood before he told the police. He admitted that he had been separated from his wife for more than a year and that about eight months ago his mother took the boy away without his knowledge. McCarree insists that his wife has no connection with yesterday's disappearance.

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